

and social problems which it presents, offers perhaps the most important spiritual problem of this generation. Is the work of evangelization among the great laboring masses keeping pace with their rapid strides toward political power? Will the vast responsibility which the giant is so resolutely assuming be tempered and guided by the principles of Christ's Gospel?

There is a well grounded fear that this great class is escaping, or has already escaped, the influence of the church, and this is doubtless the reason we hear so much anxious discussion of the question among ministers, "How shall we reach the masses?" Everywhere the laborer, the mechanic, is organized into patriotic, co-operative, benevolent clubs and secret societies, and everywhere he has, in a greater or less degree, substituted the ritual and the fellowship of his society for that of the church.

Esthetic pastors, shining, unconsciously perhaps, more warmly upon the more esthetic, more cultivated elements of their congregations, have gradually discouraged and repelled the less cultivated, less graceful, hornyhanded sons of toil, until they have at last sought elsewhere for that home feeling which the church ought always to supply, abundantly and sympathetically, to the humblest members of her communion. This best influence, this brightest glory, the church, we regret to say, has to a large degree lost, and the most thoughtful of her ministers are anxiously looking around to find where rests the blame.

As a matter of fact pastors and churchmen, in such numbers as to call wide attention to the fact, have degenerated into rather a sleek article, carrying about with them such an atmosphere of intellectual or social exclusiveness, modified it may be by a condescending tolerance of the uncultured poor scarce less offensive than total neglect, that the latter are hopelessly repelled. In some respects the influence of the college and the theological seminary is not adapted to equip a minister of the common people, one who can, not merely win the confidence and sympathy of the day laborer, but who, by an affinity which has a basis in nature as well as in grace, in common experience and common environment as well as in uncommon endowment, possesses as a logical heritage that sympathy, that fellowship of feeling and affection, which opens all the doors to the heart.

Blessed is the man, in all times, but more particularly blessed in these times, who successfully preaches the Gospel to the poor; and of whom it can be said: The common people hear him gladly. He is like his Master; and he is doing a work like unto that of a great architect

who watches and labors that the foundations of his mighty and magnificent temple are firmly laid upon the solid, immovable rock. Evangelize the masses, for unless the natural asperities, the strong prejudices, the rude force of this irresistible giant is tempered by the gentle amenities of the Gospel evangel, he will one day crush beneath his heavy foot the most precious traditions of our Christian civilization, and introduce an era of materialism as ruthless in its practical logic as it is godless in its essential spirit.

"To the poor the Gospel is preached." In this utterance of our Lord lies the profoundest wisdom as well as the divinest beneficence. Verily they who are doomed to bear so much the larger share of the world's sorrows stand most in need of the consolation of the Gospel; but still more do they need the divine wisdom, the spiritual insight, the unerring guidance, the humanitarian sympathy of that Gospel now that they begin to ascend the throne of power and to grasp the sceptre of dominion.

## Home Circle

### OUR LIPS AND LIVES

Like angels' lips so clean and pure,  
Our little lips should be,  
That they may only speak the truth,  
And sing, dear Lord, for thee.

Like angel's lives that shine so bright  
Our little lives should be,  
That we may carry everywhere  
Some sunshine, Lord, for thee.

O Savior, let us follow thee,  
All spotless, white as snow,  
And make us daily shine for thee  
Wherever we may go.

—Exchange.

### Paying for His Sunshine

BELLE V. CHISHOLM

The little station at Dunbar presented a dull, cheerless appearance to the cold and hungry passengers who crowded into it on that dreary morning in March. One of the worst storms of the season was raging, and up among the mountain passes the railroad was blockaded in such a way as to keep the trains snowbound for hours to come. Although the railroad officials were not responsible for the delay, there was much complaining among the unreasonable passengers as they filed into the dingy waiting room and began to look about for the comforts of more pretentious stations.

The rusty, cracked stove, into which the agent had just dumped a half-bucket of wet slack, gave out only a minimum of heat, and the little puffs of smoke that every now and then loaded the atmosphere of the room with sulphur, added very much to the discomforts of the place.

In the midst of the general grumbling, with which the passengers solaced themselves, the door opened, admitting a bright-faced newsboy, and with him a flurry of snow that

called forth a fierce epithet for a young man seated by the door.

"Evening Chronicle!" called out the newsy, in a cheery voice, offering a paper to an old man, dressed in warm furs from head to foot.

"Off with you!" the man grumbled. "Who wants to read the news in this wretched place?"

"It is not very cheery, I'll admit," returned the boy pleasantly, glancing around the dismal-looking place. "Why, the fire's out," he added, peeping into the stove.

"And the mercury down to zero," muttered the fur man.

"We can remedy that, I think," said the boy, as he picked up the coal bucket and passed out. In a few minutes he came back with dry coal, pine kindlings, and shavings, and after considerable punching and coaxing he succeeded in sending a bright blaze up the long stove-pipe.

"Why, you are shivering!" he said, gently, to an old, thinly-clad woman, whose teeth were chattering.

"Sit up closer to the stove, now," and he carried her chair forward and pushed in the dust-pan, so that she could put her feet on the hearth. The next moment he was gone, but directly he came back with two fresh sandwiches and a cup of hot coffee, and presenting them to the lonely old woman, said: "Here grandmother is something that will warm you up. See if you can eat a bite, and try to swallow this coffee."

The old lady looked her thanks, but before she could express what was in her heart, a gruff voice from the corner exclaimed, "There is more sense in offering freezing people something like that than a newspaper. You may bring me a cup of coffee, too."

"And me," "and me," "and me," came from all over the room.

The boy bowed and smiled and went out again, and in a few minutes he was back with a basket heaped with sandwiches and hot rolls, and a pot of steaming coffee. In a very short time his basket was empty, and in his pocket were more dimes and nickles than he would have made from his papers in a week.

"Here, now, let us have the papers," said the fur man, as the boy took up his package to continue his rounds.

Everybody in the room bought one except the old lady, and the boy gave her one, having just two left.

"Let me have them," said the gruff man, quietly.

"They are just like the one you have, sir," returned the boy, respectfully.

"That does not concern you," was the sharp reply. "It is your business to sell papers and mine to buy, so hand them over."

The boy obeyed, and handed back the change for the dollar given in payment, but the man refused it.

"The papers are only five cents apiece," insisted the boy; "I can't take so much."